

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

VOL. XXXIII

NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 6

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

THE HILLS OF THE LORD

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep.
The huddling plains upstarted;
The hills were all a-leap.

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;
"God's peace is everlasting"
Are the dream words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings on them;
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them—
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for His flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free, and proud.

And lo! I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all:
This faith—that life's hard moments,
When jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing His mountains;
And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness
And His peace everlasting to me.

—*William C. Gannett.*

THE GIVING OF THANKS

WHEN we first came into this world as babies we knew practically nothing about ourselves, about the world around us, or about what it meant to be alive. Slowly and gradually we learned something along these various lines, partly through our own blundering experience and partly with the help of other people. One of the things which most of us learned while still very small was the pleasant custom of recognizing in definite words the friendly acts of people around us: we were taught to say "Thank you."

In those early days we could not possibly understand all that the gracious custom implied. Sometimes, no doubt, it seemed to our blunt childish impatience a rather dull and bothersome "rule of the game," but mother gently insisted, and, thanks to her, we did grow up with the established habit of that bit of civilized courtesy. Now we instinctively say "Thank you."

As we think about it, even a little, we can see that the giving of thanks is, or should be, vastly more than the mere obeying of a social rule. Leading the little child to make courteous response is really leading him to become more fully *alive*: leading him to enter more fully into his privileges as a human child; not leaving him in the lower condition of a kitten or a chicken, a colt or a calf. The baby animal that has food provided for it devours the food and feels more comfortable in consequence; but, so far as we can judge, it has no consciousness of a friendly intention in the parent animal providing the food, and small children likewise naturally accept the good things of life as if they just simply grew wild. This is quite right and sufficient at the start. There is clean cold water in the spring or the running brook; the youngster drinks of the water; he enjoys the feeling of satisfied thirst; and that is the end of it. At home, mother has made molasses cookies and she gives him one when he comes in from his play. He eats it; he enjoys the spicy sweetness and the

feeling of satisfied hunger—and that is the end of that, too, unless mother is wise and far-seeing. If she is wise and far-seeing, she manages somehow to help him to see that loving work went into the cookie-baking and loving thought into the cookie-giving; and she teaches him to respond with "Thank you" which means, "I understand. I am glad you *wanted* me to have it."

It is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual understanding: the recognition, in words, of certain realities of thought and good will that cannot be tasted like ginger and molasses, but are vastly more important.

The same truth runs all through our intercourse with other human beings. We allow the bed at night to hold our tired bodies for hours at a time, and we enjoy its support, but we never say "Thank you" to bedstead or pillow. Yet, let one of us stumble or fall, and be held and supported by the helpful arm of another live person, either friend or stranger, and we do express gratitude as well as we can. When we respond, as courteous people do, the thing that we honor with our salute is the kindly feeling or the protecting impulse in the other person's mind. For we are no longer unconscious babies; we are alive and aware of something entirely invisible and immensely real—the unseen world of other human beings' minds and hearts.

There is, of course, a shallow way of teaching the forms of good manners that makes the thank-you habit a mere matter of shrewd social policy. Everybody knows that a boy or girl accustomed to the pleasant usages of well-bred people has a distinct advantage over other boys and girls who lack such training. They are better liked, more highly valued, have increased opportunities to make their way. Yet the deepest service of such elementary lessons in courtesy is not worldly at all, but essentially spiritual. It is—or may be—a perpetual reminder that other people as well as one's self are real and very much alive; that other people in their invisible hearts have good intentions toward us; that they and we are meant to live together and work together in a friendly, kindly spirit of give-and-take. It is worth while that children should be started in life with that sanely trustful attitude of mind.

Some of us in our childhood had fathers and mothers who helped us to realize the existence of still another invisible world: a world yet bigger than the world of human feelings, desires, and intentions, yet including it—the world of God's mind and heart. For the fortunate ones who were so started in life, that unseen world has always been real, beyond the power of words to tell. Such people know that God cares for them and for other people, just as a child knows that the mother cares. Nobody ever saw with his bodily eyes a friend's affection—only signs of affection. You cannot with any sort of specta-

cles see courage—but you can see actions that are the outward expression of courage. You cannot hold truthfulness or hope in your hands, nor can you measure unselfishness with a tape-line. Yet you absolutely do know that they are there! And so it is with our realization of God's friendliness.

Some of us miss a great store of everyday happiness that might be ours, because we have never got started in the thank-you habit with God. Very likely we were taught or encouraged to ask Him for things which we wanted or thought we needed, but, strangely enough, not nearly so often were we encouraged to thank Him, either for those things or for the million other things that came without our even asking. And so we have all our lives gone without a certain happy sense of His friendly nearness, which is pretty sure to come with the practice of giving thanks. That does somehow make us feel nearer to Him. For, let it be repeated, the giving of thanks is, at its root, just the recognizing and appreciating of a goodness and friendliness which already exist. Every time we give Him genuine, honest thanks we somehow do move closer to Him in our hearts, and so gradually get to know Him better in our minds.

As for the opportunities for thanksgiving, they are endless. Perhaps some of us fancy we have not much to be thankful for. Let us begin to count up items, and we soon discover our own riches. For nothing is too small to be remembered. Many families do have the good old custom of giving thanks for the food at meal-times; that is good as far as it goes, but it does not begin to cover the whole ground. What about the blue sky overhead? What about the glory of a sunset? The music of a singing bird? What about the fact that the bread baked exactly right yesterday, and that the arithmetic problems were correctly handled today? What about the pleasure we have had in a friend's visit? In a delightful story? In some good time, some sport or game or frolic?

And what about remembering other people's good fortune and giving thanks for that too—our old neighbor's recovery from sickness? The pleasant thing that has happened for a family down the road? There is no end to it, once we get into the thankful attitude of mind and heart. And the more we do cultivate the thankful spirit, the more thoroughly alive do we become—alive not only to things visible but also to things invisible. We are becoming more and more happily at home in that larger world around us. It is one simple way of beginning something beautiful that has no end; for "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—George Burton Stanstead.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.
Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When anyone writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

THE Brookline (First Parish) Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to anyone desiring them. Address Miss M. W. Suter, 116 Warren Street, Brookline, Mass.

Miss Anna Fessenden, 3 Hamilton Street, Salem, Mass., offers *Harper's Magazine*, dating back to 1850.

For the following apply to Mrs. William M. Brown, 136 Union Street, Montclair, New Jersey:

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

Pictorial History of the United States
Picturesque America (30 vols., paper binding)
The Dutch Republic, by Motley
Days near Rome
Italy, by Hillard
Venetian Life, by Howells
Rome (2 vols.) by Eaton
A Year with the Turks
Zigzag Journeys in Europe
From Wall Street to Cashmere
Eastern Life, Present and Past, by Martineau
Ancient History, by Hollis
Settlers in Canada, by Marryatt
Boots and Saddles, by Custer
The Irish Sketch Book, by Thackeray
Men of Our Times, by H. B. Stowe
Mendelssohn's Letters
Fox's Book of Martyrs

FICTION

The Virginian, by Wister
Red Rover

The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys, by White
Giulio Malatista, by Trollope
A Life for a Life, by Herrick
The Awakening of Helena Ritchie, by Deland
Molly Baron, by the Duchess
Queed, by Harrison
A Check for Three Thousand, by Veley
The Claw: a story of South Africa
Only the Governess, by Carey
A Checkered Love Affair, by Ford
The Castle Comedy, by Buchanan
Tartarin on the Alps, by Daudet
The Sparrowgrass Papers, by Cozzens
Yeast, by Kingsley
Kith and Kin, by Fothergill
Countess Eve
The Little Minister, by Barrie
A Floating City, by Jules Verne

MISCELLANEOUS

Orations of Demosthenes
Letters to Mothers
Metallurgical Calculations, by Richards
Stories of the Wagner Operas
The Art of Writing and Speaking English
Blair's Lectures
Social Man, by Mendel
Jesuit Juggling, by Baxter
Scripture Illustrations
Great Events of Unfulfilled Prophecy
How to Live Quietly, by Call
Chemistry of Common Life (2 vols.)
Elements of Political Life, by Wayland
Premiums Paid to Experience
The Philistine (magazine; 9 small vols.)

In His Steps, by Sheldon
 Hymns from the Land of Luther
 The Shadow of the Rock (poems)
 The Morning Watch (poems)
 The Rooftree, by Buck
 A Gentle Heart, by Rev. J. R. Miller

BOOKS IN FRENCH

French and English Dictionary
 Les Grandes Inventions

BOOKS IN GERMAN

English-German Conversation Book
 First German Book
 German at a Glance
 Er Ist Nicht Eifersüchtig
 Der Leitfaden
 Die Monate
 Deutsche Gedichte

*The following are offered by All Souls Branch, New York.
 Please address Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street,
 Montclair, New Jersey:*

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL

Pictorial History of the U. S., by Frost
 History of England (6 vols.), by Hume
 Life of Franz Schubert, by Austin
 Scenes from Every Land (illustrations) by
 Grosvenor
 Abbeys and Castles, by Howitt
 Carpenter's Geographical Readers as follows:
 North America, South America, Europe, Asia,
 Africa

FICTION

Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates, by Dodge
 Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Stowe
 Cranford, by Gaskell
 The Cardinal's Snuff-box, by Harland
 Comrade Rosalie, by Du Bois
 Alexander's Bridges, by Cathar
 Plain Tales from the Hills, by Kipling
 Dave Porter's War Honors, by Stratemeyer
 Handy Andy, by Lever
 At the Queen's Mercy, by Blodgett
 Metzgerott, Shoemaker,
 The Murders in the Rue Morgue, by Poe

POETRY AND MISCELLANEOUS

Quotations from the Poets, by Rice
 The Lute of Love: an anthology
 Idylls of the King, by Tennyson
 The Lady of the Lake, by Scott
 Poems, by Chadwick
 The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayam
 Love Poems of Robert Browning
 Love Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning
 Midsummer Night's Dream, by Shakespeare
 Gems from Tennyson
 The Faery Queen, by Spenser
 Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell

Prologue to the Knight's Tale, by Chaucer
 Sacred Poems of the Nineteenth Century
 Rhymes of a Tropic Tramp, by Gatlin
 Cruise of the Half Moon, by Leggett
 The Courtin', by Lowell
 Home Ballads, by Taylor
 The Skeleton in Armor, by Longfellow
 Fruit Gathering, by Tagore
 Vailima Letters (2 vols.), by Stevenson
 My Country, by Turkington
 Letters to Relatives and Friends, by Dana
 Discourses and Essays, by Farley
 Seashore Life, by Mayer
 Works of Edmund Burke
 English, Past and Present, by Trench
 Modern Essays, edited by Morley
 Angler's and Sportsman's Guide
 Washington's Farewell Address
 Webster's Bunker Hill Oration
 Joan of Arc, by Richards
 Tobacco in Song and Story, by Bain
 Coffee and Repartee, by Bangs
 The Shoes That Danced, by Branch
 From a College Window, by Benson
 Bathrobes and Bachelors, by Gray
 Mamma Graziosa, by Porter
 Myself and I, by Davis
 Book V, "Heart of Oak" Readers
 Taken from *Life* (verse and pictures)
 Trumps, by Curtis
 The Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin
 Sesame and Lilies, by Ruskin
 The Dancers, by Parsons
 The Lonely House, by Lowndes,
 Wrestling and Waiting, by Ware
 Miss Ellis's Mission, by Smith
 Certain Maxims of Hafiz, by Kipling
 Winning a Cause (stories of the World War)

REQUESTS

1. Is it possible for me to have a book shower?
 I do need the cheer it would give me for this
 winter. I would be so grateful, for as you know,
 I am all alone. I asked for one a year ago but
 have been disappointed. Of course I like the
 late books, but any, no matter how old, so long
 as they are readable, will be thankfully received.
 I have read "The Trial" and "More Links in the
 Daisy Chain" by Miss Yonge and would enjoy
 any of the others.—Mrs. M. Bates, 1409 Des
 Moines St., Des Moines, Iowa.

2. Mrs. Myra Chambliss (formerly Myra
 Dodd), at Sandidges, Va., R. 2, would be glad to
 receive scraps for patchwork and to correspond
 with some *Cheerful Letter* friend.

3. I have five children to care for: Eulis (10),
 Stella (8), twins, Noel and Lemily (5), and
 Chester, fifteen months old. Will someone
 please send something to amuse the little ones?

They like paper dolls and little picture-books. I am a church member but live away from church, therefore I enjoy books. If anyone has gingham or calico I would be glad of pieces for my quilts. I had a nervous breakdown a few years ago and have not been able to do hard housework since. Several years ago the members helped to give me many happy hours and I hope they can help me now.—Mrs. Sam C. Wright, Sanville, Va.

4. I am fifteen years old and would be glad of any reading. We are too poor to buy. My sisters are ten and seven years old and my brother eighteen. My father is ill most of the time and needs an operation. We have to work hard for a living and don't get to go to school much. I would be glad of a dictionary and a Bible, and mother would like patchwork pieces.—Alice Braswell, Sylvester, Ga., R. 1.

5. Mrs. Maud Emerson, Rupert, Ark., is in poor health. She enjoys reading and will appreciate any sent for herself and for her two boys, aged fifteen and twelve.

6. Miss Bessie Emerson, Rupert, Ark., living forty-five miles from the nearest town, asks for crochet and embroidery thread; no size or color specified.

7. Mrs. Alberta Davis, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 45, says it is a long time since she has heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. She lives in the country and is very lonely; is hoping to receive letters, reading, and quilt scraps.

8. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice things sent me. The children were pleased with the cards and picture books. I sure do appreciate everything that was sent, and would like to write and thank each one separately; but I will thank them through the paper. I hope that my letter will be printed and that I shall be remembered.—Mrs. Ida Barnes, Boomer, N. C.

9. I am a widow; my husband died while we were in Florida and I came back to this country because it was my birthplace. I and another widow live together. I am crippled and have to stay in most of the time, and when I have no work to do I get quite lonely. I would appreciate quilt scraps and knitting yarn, also good reading. For reference I will give Rev. P. G. Brammer, Elamsville, Va.—Mrs. Ollie Huff, Elamsville, Va.

10. Many thanks for all the pieces and the literature sent me in the past. I tried to answer all the letters and packages but some names were torn and it was impossible, so I am taking this method to thank all. I still live alone and dread the winter to come. I sure do hope the friends

will send me cheer this winter. My birthday will be January 11 and a card shower would be more than welcome. My greatest pleasure is going to the mail box and when my neighbors call.—(Miss) Fannie Wright, Dodson, Va.

11. I would be so glad of some reading matter for the winter—magazines or books; and would like to have some raffia or reeds for baskets, if anyone has any they are not going to use. Also will you send my little girl Elizabeth some cards and picture books? She is six years old. I will be so much obliged for anything that is sent.—Mrs. Bessie McFarland, Manchester, N. C.

12. Mrs. Myrtle Wood, Woolwine, Va., is very anxious to read Jean Porter's "White Flag"—either the book or numbers of *Good Housekeeping* containing the story. She had begun the story and received numbers to September 1923.

13. I am a girl fifteen years old and would like to have reading suitable for myself and some quilt pieces. I live in the country, about a mile from school. I am in the sixth grade, and would like to correspond with some girls about my age. For reference, write Rev. J. E. Poteet, Roanoke, Va.—Ruby Jarrett, Bassett, Va., R. 2.

14. It has been about two years since I heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I have been in a sanitarium for some time and have just returned. I like to read and to do embroidery or fancy work; if anyone has anything to be embroidered that she does not need, I would appreciate the gift. And I should enjoy a book or magazine so much. I hope my note will be published, as I am anxious to hear from some of the members.—(Miss) Effie Hall, Dodson, Va.

15. I wish to thank the friends for their kindness. I cannot tell you how much happiness you have brought into our home. I have tried to send individual thanks to every one. I have six girls (eight to twenty-four years old) and two boys, one five years old and one a baby of four months. His name is Sidney Walice. I would be thankful if someone would remember my little ones at Christmas time, and I would be glad to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* ladies.—Mrs. Eddie Brooks, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1, Box 83.

16. Mrs. A. C. Nottinger, Hebron, Ohio, a bedfast invalid for more than twenty years, asks to be remembered with reading, cards, and bright silk pieces to help in passing the time for a lonely shut-in.

17. I am very fond of reading, but can't

afford to buy books; and there are so many others who are glad to read them that I always pass them on. I would like very much to have some good fiction. I think your society does a great deal of good in this way and I wish to thank all who have sent anything to me.—Mrs. Flossie P. Schools, Newtown, Va.

18. I am the mother of six children, four girls and two boys. Three of the girls go to school and would be glad of books, magazines, or cards. I should like quilt scraps for myself. For reference, Mr. Wilford Peters, Spray, N. C. My own address is Mrs. Augusta Thomas, Spray, N. C.

19. I have moved and will send you my new address; it is in care of J. W. Welch, Drumare, Pennsylvania. I would be glad to have some magazines to read. We have just come up here from Grassy Creek, N. C. and I shall feel lonely until I get more acquainted with the people up here.—Cordia M. Testerman.

20. Once more I come, thanking the friends for their kind remembrance of me, a lonely invalid of twenty years. I have no hope of ever being well again while I live on this earth, but I thank my heavenly Father that I am still able a part of the time to do crocheting and some kinds of fancy work. I am learning to do cross-stitch and appliqué work, and would love to have patterns and designs, also patterns for quilts. I should be glad to have books or any good reading for my twelve-year-old daughter—in fact, we should be glad of anything to help pass the long winter days. We are in an out-of-the-way place, almost surrounded by mountains.—Mrs. Beulah Moore, Campbell, N. C., R. 1.

21. I wish to thank the readers of the paper for their kindness in sending me books and magazines and quilt scraps. I have appreciated them very much, and I hope friends will continue to send. Through the long winter months I shall be lonesome. I should be specially glad if someone could send me some of the books written by Zane Grey and Bowden, either to keep or to return after I have read them.—Addie Kingsley, Copeland, Ark.

THE MARE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

Did you hear of the man who once mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted away to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;

But again with a word, when the master said
"Hey!"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good man discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar.
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, dark, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The rider was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit.
With a word he arrested the courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare.
Lo, here now I stand,"—and he gazed all around,—
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground.
Yet how had it been, if some traveler this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry
Hey!"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie.
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the man in the wild-briar bush!
He remembered, too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

—T. L. Peacock.

YOU talk of the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, and without a spark fitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking in the brains of so many men of genius.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but fore-run
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts—then so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

—Henry Vaughan

IN YOUR PURSE

VERY few of us could describe from memory, correctly and completely, the small coins which we carry about and use every day. Just how big is a silver dime? An inch across? More? Less? How much more or less? What are the designs on the two sides? What lettering is there on either side, and where? What does the edge of the coin look like? If you can answer offhand such questions as these about a dime, a quarter, a nickel or a cent, you may well be proud of your accurate observation.

Is a nickel larger or smaller or the same diameter as a cent? How far do quarter-dollars and half-dollars resemble each other? How do they differ?

Even those who can give a reasonably good general description of, say, a twenty-five-cent piece, are often quite hazy about the small particulars of the design. And yet there is a distinct intention and significance in the smallest of those details; they were thoughtfully planned before the coin was first made, and they are well worth noticing and remembering.

Another matter which most of us quite overlook, as if it were not of the slightest consequence, is the beauty of our coins. They do vary a great deal in this respect, just as other artistic products vary; some pictures are vastly finer than other pictures; some sculptures are immensely superior to others; and coins are metal reproductions of one kind of sculpture. The designer made the model as the creator of a noble statue makes a model, out of some plastic material like clay or wax; only, whereas the statue or bust of some famous man may be modeled "in the round," that is, complete on all sides, so that it may be looked at from any direction, the artist who models a head for a coin does it—in the language of the studio—"in low relief," that is to say, standing out only a little from the background.

Some artists have such feeling for beauty of proportion and beauty of line, and such skill in expressing what they feel, that anything which they produce is a delight to the seeing eye. Other so-called artists are less sensitive to the loveliness of an outline, with less feeling about the proportion of one part to another; they are like would-be musicians who play occasional false notes or sing off the key. And while their designs for coins may serve every purpose of telling us the cash value of a coin, these may yet be commonplace and uninteresting to look at.

Some of our own coins are nothing to boast of as works of art; others are astonishingly beautiful, as we readily see when we take pains to study them thoughtfully. It is interesting to decide for oneself which are the finest, regardless of their value at the store.

One rather fascinating way in which to study coins is to make rubbings of their two sides. For this purpose one must have fairly new coins; their color does not matter, but the designs and the lettering and the edges should all be quite perfectly clear—not blurred nor dulled by long usage or rough handling.

First, get the pencil ready. A common lead pencil and a scrap of waste paper will do. Hold the pencil firmly, so that it shall not turn around, and write the letter *m* a dozen or twenty times, one after another, enough times to wear the lead down at one side of the point, making a flat place on that side of the lead. That flat side (not a regularly sharp point) is what you are going to need for use.

Now for the rubbing. Any ordinary, thin white paper will do, a leaf from a pad used at school, or even the white margin from the edge of a newspaper; but it should not be thick nor stiff. Lay your penny, or nickel, or whatever the coin may be, on the table. Lay the paper over it. With the thumb and a finger of the left hand hold the paper down close and tight over the coin, so as to make both coin and paper stay perfectly still. Now take the pencil, with the flattened part of the lead next the paper, and use it as if it were a paint brush, across and again across, from one sharp edge of the coin to the other, until you have "painted" the whole surface with even, dark gray sweeps, close together. Better make all the strokes in the same general direction; that is, do not make them criss-cross. You will find, as you work, that the parts of the design which stand up the most come out darker than the rest. If you are careful to make your rubbing or pencil-painting limited to the exact surface of the coin (and the ability to do that comes with a very little practice), you get surprisingly pretty pictures of it in soft tones of gray that resemble those of a photograph. If you have colored pencils, you can get a variety of interesting color effects from any one coin. The beauty of the result depends on the neatness with which you work and the evenness with which you bear down on the coin. Practice soon shows how hard or how light the stroke ought to be with any particular pencil or paper.

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns's or a hymn of Charles Wesley's goes straight to your heart, and you can't help loving both of them—the sinner as well as the saint.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of Heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

SET a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.—*Psalms cxli, 3.*

A HANDFUL of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.

Were there no hearers, there would be no backbiters.

The mill cannot grind with water that is past.

Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.

A bad laborer quarrels with his tools.

He that once deceives is ever suspected.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc., also letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.